



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Frederic had so unceasingly rendered her; a thousand little incidents, before unnoticed, did memory conjure up to torture her with, and when too late, she found that her brain had registered each with dreadful accuracy. All the uncherished happiness of the past presented itself to her imagination, in contrast with the bleak and joyless prospect of the future; and yet so inseparably linked with woman's nature is love, that she preferred its agonies and uncertainties to a life of sober and unchequered sameness of pleasure. Thus did she, in turn, become dissatisfied and restless; the young Frederic had now become her all; and as each succeeding twilight flung its shadows over her brow, it struck a deeper and a darker sorrow to her heart, for she knew that every hour, as it flew, stole a little from that precious moment of time which they had now to spend together. The beams of morning, trembling through her unopened casement, startled her from disturbed slumbers and unhappy dreams; she now longed to throw herself at his feet, and tell him how much she loved, but the timidity, and retiring modesty of her sex and nature, revolted at such an idea, ere it had well been formed. Meantime arrangements had been making for the departure of the young soldier, and if any thing could serve to alleviate the gloom that had so long overpowered him, it was the prospect and anticipation of novelty, which takes such strong hold on the young and gay, who have not experienced how miserable the change is, from the comforts of home to the chances and vicissitudes of an unfriendly world; he had, however, determined on not leaving the valley without making known his love to Lucy; but this he found a more difficult task than he had imagined, for the tongue, however eloquent, is but a poor interpreter for the heart, whose language is unutterable. Oftentimes as he sat gazing from the little window of the saloon where she sat reading, in the middle of the day, the long wished-for, but dreaded disclosure, trembled on his lips; often had he seen her strolling pensively and alone through the little pleasure grounds which skirted the grove at each side of the chateau, but would tremble and turn away to curse his own timidity and folly. Time rolled on until within a week of his departure, he loathed the idea of "roaming along, the world's tired denizen," in all the uncertainty of ardent and unrequited love. One morning as he had strolled deep into the shade of the grove, wrapped in solitary musings, on a sudden the object of all his anxieties and solitudes stood before him; the enamoured boy, taken by surprise, stammered out, in the confusion of the moment, the impassioned, but simple words, "Lucy, I love you!" Lucy's heart glowed on her cheek, as she faltered something unintelligible to any ears but those of a lover. This prelude over soon, dis embarrassed the tongue-tied pair, and having poured forth their souls to one another, and made mutual protestations of eternal love, they returned to the chateau. Mrs. Ashmore, who had long watched, with an eye of maternal solicitude, the progress of this passion, when she perceived that it was mutual, did not try to check its growth, for since her acquaintance with the amiable and beautiful girl, who had been thus given up to her care and attention, she had begun daily to feel herself bound to her by stronger ties than those of mere relationship, and wished for nothing more anxiously than to see

her beloved son united to the woman of his own choice, to her Frederic, and his newly affianced bride, and begged her permission to be united immediately. Shedding tears, of joy over the youthful lovers as they knelt at her feet, she joined their hands, but begged of the hasty youth to defer his marriage till his return, and that she would, in the mean time, keep his Lucy safe, the lovers consented, although their disappointment was severe. The succeeding week was one of uninterrupted happiness and delight, chequered now and then by the recollection of the approaching separation. Blessed in each other's society, and wandering arm-in-arm, they wondered how they had so long kept the secret of their loves; a thousand little things were spoken in the artless language of the heart, to which it before had seemed impossible to give utterance. Sealing many an impassioned kiss on the lips of his fair auditor, and holding in his arms all that had been wanted to render his bliss complete, Frederic felt a melancholy foreboding that such bliss was too perfect to be of long endurance.

At length the day of his departure arrived, and having taken a fond adieu, and renewed his protestations of eternal fidelity to his beloved and lovely Lucy, he set off. The disconsolate girl wept bitterly as the last faint sounds of the rolling carriage wheels struck heavily on her ear. In her overwhelming grief, there was none of that "silent, secret luxury of woe," which takes away half its bitterness; she felt an unusual blank; or if she sought the green fields and winding streams, they but reminded her of the time when sharing their beauties with another, who was not now by her side, she had enjoyed a happiness, the recollection of which rendered her present solitude and misery, the more distressing; the little memorials and pledges of his love were now called into frequent requisition, and how often hour after hour she sighed and wept over them; but time,

"The only healer when the heart hath bled,"

brought its accustomed consolations, and tranquillity and happiness again reigned throughout the chateau. Frederic's letters came regularly every week, with renewed assurances of an increasing and unalterable attachment, and knowing nothing of the great world, Lucy never dreamt that so faithful a heart could run any risk of being estranged. He had been nearly a long, long year away, when an account came, which again put the little family circle into the utmost consternation and alarm; this was, his regiment being ordered out to assist in some military operations which the English were then carrying on in one of their Indian colonies, and as he had found it impossible to exchange or sell his commission, he had been necessitated to accompany them. As complaints and tears were alike unavailing and useless, they resigned themselves unmurmuringly to this second and greater calamity. With many a silent prayer was the name of the young soldier mingled, and even in the dreams of night it murmured on the fond lips of the loving Lucy; scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and all the miseries and privations of war presented themselves in exaggerated terrors, to her imagination, and the horrors of the present separation far outweighed the comparative inconvenience of the former.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THE Academy held its fifth general monthly meeting for the year, on Monday evening last, the Honourable and Rev. J. Pomeroy in the chair. Among the donations presented on this occasion was the first volume of a translation of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, with a commentary, by Nathaniel Bowditch, L. L. D. F. R. S. L. E. and D. &c. This volume, a large royal quarto, written and printed in Boston, is the handsomest book, and apparently the most perfect in all its details, that we have ever seen come from America. We shall examine and report upon it more fully in an early No. but 800 pages of *La Place* are no joke to cut of a summer's day; even to skim the cream of them requires some time and patience, though there are few subjects we delight more to study when we can find leisure, than 'mathematics and good humour.' "Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London, Vol. IV. Part I." were also sent for presentation by the Society. This is the work in the account of which the new No. of the *Edinburgh Review* makes the extraordinary assertion respecting Dr. Brinkley's observation of the annual parallax of fixed stars, which we have commented upon in our notice of that periodical. Two copies of an "Essay on the Attributes of Knowledge in God, considered on the grounds of reason and revelation," were forwarded for presentation by the author. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the respective donors. Several new members were balloted for, and Gaspar Spurzheim, M. D. was admitted an honorary member, and then the Academy adjourned till the fourth Monday in June.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At a late Meeting of this Society, the reading of Rich's account of Ireland, was resumed, in which it was stated that the Irish rebels were much favoured and supported by the disaffected English, and that there had been an understanding between the governor of Ireland and Tyrone, through which the latter continued his criminal proceedings with impunity, while the governor and his family were freed from the plundering attacks of the rebels; that, in fact, Tyrone was supplied at the expense of the government; for many who pretended to be friends of the government, obtained stores and ammunition on pretence of guarding their houses against the attacks of the rebels, and then privately conveyed them to Tyrone.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

In proceeding to notice the exhibition at this Academy somewhat more in detail than time or space would permit us to do the week before last, we shall direct the attention of our readers, in the first instance, to the pictures of the higher walk of art, in which the artist is indebted chiefly to his own imagination for the subject. First in this class of the paintings now under consideration, we must decidedly rank, No. 117, the *Fall of the Angels*, painted as an illustration of Milton, and part of Ezekiel, by S. Ford, a very youthful Cork artist, sometime deceased. We have already, on a former occasion, expressed our opinion in the strongest terms of the great merits of this picture, which